As the poore frighted Deare that ſtands at gaze,
VVildly determining which way to flie,
Or one incompaſt with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readilie:
So with her ſelfe is ſhee in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is ſham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my ſelfe, quoth ſhee, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore ſoules polluſion?
They that looſe halfe with greater patience beare it,
Then they whoſe whole is ſwallowed in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſſe concluſion,
VVho hauing two ſweet babes, when death takes one,
VVill ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

My bodie or my ſoule which was the dearer?
VVhen the one pure, the other made deuine,
VVhoſe loue of eyther to my ſelfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE:
Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
His leaues will wither, and his ſap decay,
So muſt my ſoule her barke being pild away.

Her